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Evening Chat

By RUTH CAMERON

"I am none of those who—
"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest! I am naturally, beforehand, shy of novelties—new books, new faces, new years—from some mental twist which makes it difficult in me to face the prospective."—Charles Lamb.

Do you feel that way at all?
To a certain extent I do.

But I am very much ashamed that I do and very sorry for all who are of the same mind with the old essayist and me, for much as I love Charles Lamb I think that dread of change is a very wrong attitude and one very perilous to happiness.

Let me tell you my own experience along that line.

I do not think I have ever approached a change in the routine of my life without dread, and yet so far I can truthfully say that I have never passed through a change in the routine of my life which has not left me happier in the end.

I can remember, for instance, how I hated to leave my high school days behind—how sad I felt to think that when the pupils gathered next year I would not be among them.

And yet I was far happier at college. I can remember how I dreaded to leave my college home—what a painful day Commencement was to me and how many tears I shed at breaking off the old friendship, discontinuing the familiar routine and leaving the old haunts.

And yet I have been far happier since in my work.

Several men, who by unexpected changes in business conditions at one time or another in their lives have been jolted out of comfortable nooks and sent to hunt for new opportunities, have since told me that hard as the changes seemed at the time they have lived to look back and bless them.

A woman who some years ago was obliged to take up her household goods from the home where she had lived the first thirty years of her life almost heartbroken, has since confessed that the happiest years of her life have, after all, been spent in the land of her adoption.

A girl who once worked in an office, under what she regarded at the time as ideal conditions, and who was obliged by circumstances to leave that pleasant sheltered niche and strike out into the world, admitted to me the other day that the change she thought so bitter at the time she has come to know as a blessing, because it brought her into touch with the opportunity to do infinitely better work.

I am afraid I shall never reach the point where a first contemplation of a change will not strike some dismay to my heart, but I think I have reached the stage where I always try to argue myself out of this foolish attitude.

And I think anyone who is inclined to dread changes should try to do the same.

Does some change threaten you?—a change of management in the business interests you serve, a change of position, a new mode of living, the end of some particular phase of your existence, a change of residence, the necessity for making new friends or doing some new kind of work.

Then remember what has happened to other people and do not let yourself be depressed. Remember that the very road you are dreading to enter may be the highway to the greatest happiness of your life.

And take with you as you go forward some words I have learned to say to myself when I also come to an unexpected and undesired turn of the road: "The old order changeth yielding place to new."

And God fulfills himself in many ways Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."—Tennyson.

"Baby-saving organizations have been springing up everywhere like the cockle shells in Mary Contrary's garden. Isn't about time now that second childhood received some consideration?"

I saw that query in a magazine the other day and heartily approve of it, only—before second childhood gets its share I want to put in a word for another class—the least considered folk of all, I think—the middle-aged people.

Childhood and youth are always in the limelight because of their happiness and their romantic quality. And old age gets more or less into the limelight by reason of its infirmities. If in no other way, but the middle-aged folk—the people who are neither romantically old nor romantically young they are perpetually cast for the parts of scene shifters or at best of chorus and supers.

And I think it's a shame, and a stinging reproach on the younger generation, to whose selfishness the eternal colorlessness of their elders' lives is usually due.

A woman came to see me the other

HAIR ARRANGEMENT FOR VARIOUS PROFILES.



"Blessed is she who has found her type—and dresses up to it," said a well known society wit not long ago, and that woman is indeed wise who does this. A young woman of singularly piquant beauty, whose nose is undeniably retroussé, has adopted a style of hair arrangement which suits her to perfection. The hair allowed to wave softly and naturally about the face is a foundation for the glorious braid wound closely about the head, the ends losing themselves under a cluster of puffs that bespeak the Grecian in outline. Four hand carved, real shell pins hold the braid in place at intervals.

day with some manuscript that she wanted me to look over.

She has written more or less in a small way for years, and I know that her literary attempts represent to her romance-loving heart the one element of personal romance in a life mostly devoted to her children, of whom she has two grownup daughters.

"And what do Alice and Edna think of the article?" I asked as I handed the manuscript back to her.

A look of terror came into her eyes and her hands actually trembled as she reached for the papers.

"Oh, please, don't say anything about it to them," she pleaded. "They don't know anything about it. They don't approve of my writing. They think it is all nonsense anyone as old as I trying to write. You won't say anything to them, will you?"

Of course I reassured her, but I should have very much liked to have said something about it to them.

And the something would have been a vigorous expression of my opinion of their lack of sympathy with their mother's attempt to have a little life apart from them.

One day when I was at a suffrage meeting a woman told me of a neighbor who would like to come, but "doesn't dare, because her daughter disapproves so of the meetings."

A young girl also said that her mother disapproved, but how little difference that made was evidenced by the fact that she was there.

The way the younger generation insists upon dominating the lives of the older people is positively wicked.

They expect perpetual sympathy and interest to be shown in their projects and pleasures, but it apparently never occurs to them to repay in kind.

Because your father and mother are fifty or fifty-five or sixty does not mean that they have passed the age when they would enjoy being in the limelight of your interest occasionally instead of perpetually furnishing the limelight for you.

Did that ever occur to you, my young friends?

WOMAN'S PROGRESS.

No Longer Any Need to Hide Intellect Under Frivolous Air.

Women have had an unhappy time of it one way or another in the matter of education. Until comparatively recent years they had to fight for whatever formal mental training they got. Previous to that time they had to endure the charge that they were not intellectual companions for educated men, and this charge has persisted in many circles to this day in

THE FIRST OF THE NEW LINGERIE FROCKS.



Lingerie dresses will be seen at all the winter resorts in many new and attractive designs. The one shown here is elaborately trimmed with bands of Val. lace and fine Swiss embroidery. The perpendicular trimmings give it the long graceful lines which are so becoming and fashionable. A notable feature is the belt, which starts from the sides of the front panel, defining the normal waist line. The sleeves are cut with a slight fullness at the top and are trimmed to correspond with the body of the costume. The picture hat is of violet straw and trimmed with clusters of grapes and leaves.

BLUE EYES VS. COOKING.

Not Romance, but Common Sense
Rules in Wedded Life.

(By Beatrice Fairfax.)

There is one thing that every girl should never forget, and it is this: You may have the beauty of the Venus de Milo and the wiles of old charms of the Lorelei, but if your beauty and charm do not rest on a sound basis of common sense, their powers will be but fleeting.

A man may woo and marry you for those qualities, but after marriage he wants beauty of soul and brain as well as good looks.

It is all very well to rave romantically about "bread and cheese and kisses," but love is not the ethereal little god he is represented to be; he wants a sound, healthy diet if you would keep him alive.

In novels you find a lovely young creature who knows nothing of house-keeping, and her husband laughs at her blunders, kisses the tips of her scorched fingers, and loves her more madly than ever.

It isn't quite the same in real life. A man may laugh at the first mistake, but at the second his smile will be a trifle rueful, and after that he will begin to think his lovely, helpless bride rather an expensive luxury.

Presently dyspepsia will creep in and love will fly out, for love and indigestion are poor mates.

A man has got to be comfortable in his home if he is going to love that home and make a success of his business.

If the home is ill kept and the meals ill cooked he will soon learn to look elsewhere for his comforts.

If you love a man well enough to marry him, surely you love him well enough to hold him. Blue eyes and golden hair will not compensate for burnt chops and soggy potatoes.

The average man is home loving and domestic. He marries because he wants a home, and thinks he has found the right girl. But if he comes home at night and finds dark discomfort instead of light and cheerfulness, he soon begins to feel that he made a mistake.

If you go the right way about it you can make him look on you as the most wonderful woman in the world.

Sitting on the hotel piazza one day

POPULAR WASHINGTON SOCIETY LEADER A JANUARY BRIDE.



Washington, Feb. 5.—As the month of January closes, one of Washington's popular society leaders in the younger set, Miss R. Flora Wheeler, becomes the wife of Major R. A. Farley. The wedding, which took place January 29, was one of the social events of the month. Miss Wheeler is the daughter of Representative and Mrs. Wheeler of Pennsylvania.

a curious way. At the same time educated women of the recent period have been adjoined by social monitors, both men and women, that they would not find favor in the eyes of the men. They traced the fact of their mental qualifications in conversation. Men do not like "superior" women, they were told, women who seem to know as much as themselves, and therefore in the presence of these critical and sensitive male beings it was well for the intellectual girl to "sing small" and to be as frivolous as her silliest sister if she aspired to be liked by the men of her acquaintance. On her own part the educated girl had her own private grievance, namely, that when she did seek to carry on an intelligent conversation with the average male person whom she met she often found him irresponsible and in reality a stupid bore.

Her lot, therefore, has not been altogether a pleasant one, but there are indications that she will find better conditions and better recognition in future. The trouble seems to have been that she has taken too much for granted and has not grasped the fact that there are men and men and that some are capable of meeting her on a common intellectual ground, while some are not. No less a person than Dr. Lyman Abbott tells of a conversation with college girls in which they brought to him the profoundest problems in philosophy, history, ethics, and theology. The archbishop of Canterbury encourages the study of theology among the women by establishing an examination conducted annually under his direction—this not to fit them for clerical labors, but because this is a branch of the higher education which they were ignorant and on which they should be able, he thinks, to converse intelligently.

From another field comes Henry Arthur Jones, the English dramatist, with a tribute to the modern woman. He notes that her attitude toward man is changing through her becoming more and more his intellectual companion. "This," he says, "is surely those of us who are in the professions of the drama and journalism would most earnestly desire."

From all of which it seems to appear that the intellectually equipped woman need not hide her accomplishments by a pretense of triviality from a fear that she will lose favor, but that it will be wise for her to choose her society, since not all men can be companions to her, whatever she may be to them.—Indianapolis Star.

"That is a fat, prosperous looking envelope. Does your salesman send in a bunch of orders?" "Not exactly. That envelope contains a receipt for his last check, his expense account for this week, a request for a salary raise and a requisition for some more expensive account blanks."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Yes; my poor brother was killed by savages. Indeed, in South Africa." "No—college."—Boston Transcript.

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

An eternal theme with foreigners is the American girl. Another article in the Nouvelle Revue, by Marc Debol, contains some choice appreciations of the girl we all admire—"interesting specimen of humanity;" "developed freely like a young sapling that has never been pruned;" "daughter of a vigorous race, she has abounding vitality, with a superabundance of energy and will power;" "the law protects her, every physical effort is rendered unnecessary, the possession of fortune imposes artificial stolidity on her;" "she craves for movement;" "her feverish restlessness;" "noticeable exuberance;" "she seeks all extremes;" "in love with chocolate;" "dotes on her pet pup;" "spoiled child of existence;" "ready to believe in miracles;" "marries at the prompting of a sudden caprice;" "delights to be run away with, to flirt, to get a divorce, and to accept the strangest religions;" "more sensuality than sensibility, more passion than tenderness, more superficiality than depth of feeling;" "wild and unbridled individualism;" "mission a lofty one;" "they have been able to introduce the beautiful;" "they represent, while the men accumulate wealth;" "lighten the links that unite the two continents;" "something of the easy grace and of the ideal which are found in Europe."

There is only one clear truth that results from such an incoherent mixture of fact and fancy, and that is that the American girls who go abroad interest the Europeans. If they did not, the Europeans would be strangely lacking in the "sensibility" which M. Debol denies to our girls. Theirs is the lot to be appreciated rather than to appreciate. And yet our girls do appreciate, on the whole, their own American men.

And this fact, no doubt, appears to M. Debol as an absolute proof of their lack of sensibility.—New York Press.

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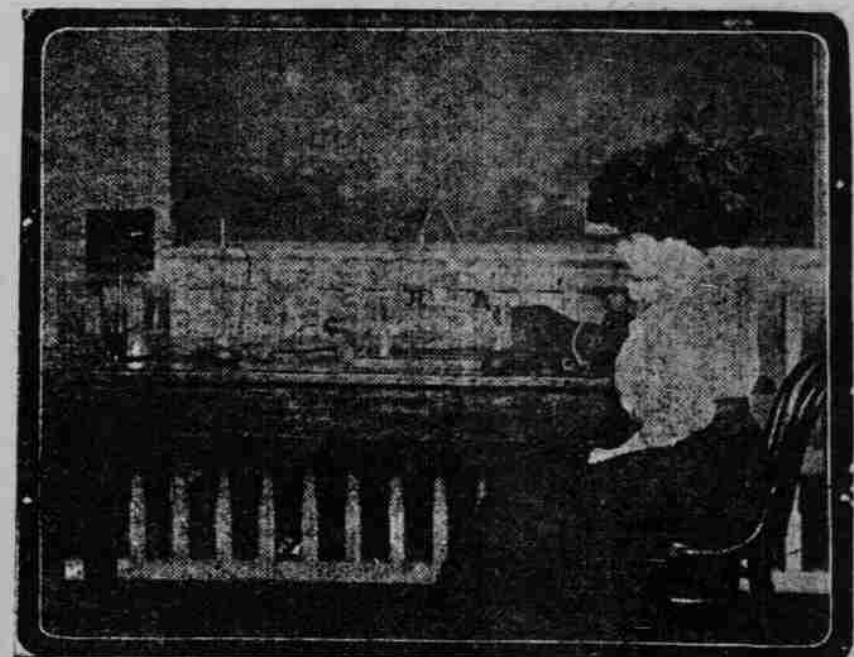
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SHE LOVES ME—SHE LOVES ME NOT.



Machine Which Accurately Registers Heart Throbs.

Philadelphia, Feb. 5.—Young man, if you would know just how you stand in the regard of the girl you love, find some way to get her interested in a new scientific machine that is called by the unlovely name of lethysmograph. According to Dr. Arthur Holmes, instructor in psychology at the University of Pennsylvania, this machine indicates unerringly what thoughts are hidden behind the mask of maidenly reserve that the girl wears to hide from you her real feelings.

The machine consists merely of a rubber bag and a series of rubber tubes connecting with a needle point on an indicator. The person whose emotions are being tested puts his or her arm

into the rubber bag, which is then drawn tight and filled with water. Then the names of various young men of the girl's acquaintance are introduced into the conversation and the indicator begins to do tricks. If the name of the girl to fond feelings the indicator mounts up. If the name prompts none but indifferent thoughts the indicator travels down.

The chief trouble of course will be to get the girl of your choice to submit to this remarkable test. The secret of the movement of the indicator is that the machine registers the play of the emotions through the almost imperceptible acceleration or retardation of the pulse when influenced by the thoughts of the person who is undergoing the test.